



Dolly.



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Chapter 1 by Teuta .G

It Moves Even Now

Once I went to a charity shop and bought a pot doll with ginger curly hair and a green Scottish dress. I took it home and put it on the bottom step of my staircase. I then went upstairs to get something, but when I got down the doll had moved to the mat at the front door.

The following morning I awoke, and my husband said he had got up in the night and heard singing and footsteps. In the afternoon, my husband went out and I was alone. I made myself a sandwich, and I went to the living room. I turned the lights on and sat down. Two minutes later, the light turned off by itself and the doll was on the sofa next to me. I got up and turned the light back on, sat down, and two minutes later the lights went off again. Ever since I bought the doll I've heard singing and laughing and I've seen it moving...even now.

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